The annual reports for the 1920s are very scant for the Queen Street Asylum, no doubt partly because its future still seemed uncertain. The report of W.K. Ross for 1931 is at once strikingly similar to the reports of Daniel Clark, and portentous of innovations that promised to permanently alter Asylum life. Dr. Ross celebrates such improvements as new "fireproof" cement staircases in the Main Building; the (rather long-delayed) move of the Roman Catholic Chapel from the upper story of the Main Building to a room off the basement corridor; the renovation of the old Chapel as a new dormitory for the nurses; the removal of the (hardly "fireproof") paint shop from the Main Building to the grounds; the installation of a new electric dumb-waiter, etc. But after all these "changes" come others more real. Dr. Ross notes, for example, that 30 paretic patients received malarial treatment and 800 intravenous injections of salvarsan or novarsan were given in the last year.[cxliv] Over 100 patients were treated with manganese chloride.

By the 1930s the Asylum was schizophrenic in more ways than one.[cxlv] Despite the implementation of some aspects of the "individual approach" to mental illness that C.K. Clarke had advocated before the war, many patients continue to find their treatment inadequately personal. The doctors reflect on and celebrate their history; the patients reflect on theirs -- mainly to deplore it. They also remember Workman (the institution's most famous doctor, Medical Superintendent from 1853 to 1875) -- not as the "Nestor of Canadian Alienists," but as "Fox and Goose"; they celebrate the Nursing School, as a school of literal "hard knocks"; they note the establishment of a Reception Hospital, but in the context of confinement in a gaol cell, recollected in the untranquil presence of an unsympathetic and abusive nurse; they use semantic arguments, but while the authorities use terms like "asylum," "hospital," "clinic," "reception hospital," "Poor Man's Sanatorium," etc., they see the Asylum at once less positively, and more inventively,[cxlvi] as a living tomb, an especially long drawn-out kind of murder, a fourth=rate hotel run by sadistic scullery maids, a brothel for Government Bonded White Slaves, Ontario Hospital Hell, etc. Parallel lines never meet, however often they appear to come to a point.